Much adoe about *Nothing.*

Enter Leonato gouernour of Messina, Innogen his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, wi messenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this letter, that don Pe comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neare by this, h leagues off when I left him.

Leona. How many gentlemen haue you los

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name

Leona. A victory is twice it selfe, when the a home ful numbers: I find here, that don Peter much honour on a yong Florentine called Cla

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equal

don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond his age, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of indeed better, better expectation then you mus to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an vncle here in Messina wil glad of it.

Mess. I haue already deliuered him letters, peares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy it selfe modest enough, without a badge of bitte

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.